

Huntsman Spiders vs Halloween

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Huntsman Spiders vs Halloween

by [spookyserpent](#)

Summary

“It’s not my fucking fault one of our Camp Counsellors was a shapeshifting, cannibalistic, child serial killer!”

Or, Benchtrio + Purpled find themselves at a summer camp during a full moon. Cue the Halloween Horror Movie hijinks.

Notes

And we’re back!

I just want to thank everyone for reading my other fics in this series! This goes out to all of you!!

Enjoy!!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“You’ve got to be fucking kidding me,” Tommy hisses as they watch the last of the buses drive away without them.

Mid-morning sun peaks out from the clouds and birds sing from the trees. The rolling hills and forest around them is alive and beautiful but empty. For miles and miles, all that exists are trees and shrubbery.

The next town is at least a five hour drive away.

There, one of Phil’s men would be waiting for them to take them back to L’Manberg.

“Still no service,” Purpled says, staring at his phone. He looks up at Ranboo. “Can you teleport us home?”

Ranboo shrugs, grabbing their luggage, so everything is touching him. “I can try.”

He grabs Tubbo’s hand and Purpled’s wrist. Tubbo grabs Tommy and he braces for the fuzziness of teleportation.

Only it doesn’t happen.

There is no swoop to his stomach, no blur to his vision. There’s nothing.

Tommy slowly turns and narrows his eyes at Ranboo. “What’s happening, boob-boy?”

Ranboo frowns. They let go of the hands they’re holding and then clenches his fists. He closes his eyes, and Tommy watches as their form flickers briefly. It’s almost like looking at a glitch.

But there is no movement.

He doesn’t teleport.

“I don’t know what’s happening.” He says and Tommy turns to Tubbo.

The boy has been the most tired out of all of them. Sure, they all woke up late with Purpled frantically dragging Ranboo out of bed by his ankles and throwing something at Tommy to ensure he wasn’t stabbed.

(Phil enforced a no weapons rule to keep up with the, “please, for once, be normal kids and go and do normal things,” rule, but Tommy refuses to leave anywhere without something on him, hence the knife in his boot.)

But Tubbo has been lacklustre all morning. He’s been quiet and his wings have been still, his antennae pressed into his hair.

Tommy grabs Tubbo’s face and tilts it to the sun.

“Tubbo?” He calls and big eyes blink at him.

“Yeah, boss man?”

Tommy stares at his dilated pupils and presses two fingers to the side of his neck. His pulse is steady but slow.

“Tubbo,” he repeats. “What did we have for dinner last night?”

His brows furrow, his antennae twitch. “Uh. I don’t know... burgers?”

“We had that two nights ago,” Purpled says, with a frown. All three of them look to Tommy. “What’s happening?”

“Purpled, do you feel any different?” Tommy asks and grabs him to feel his pulse. Still strong, still steady.

“No?” Purpled asks and flinches back when Tommy presses forward to stare at his eyes. No dilation.

Tommy turns on Ranboo, who freezes under the attention. Their pupils are dilated but their pulse isn’t slow.

He wants to jump to conclusions. His mind wants to fall back into Huntsman mode and understand what’s going on.

But he’s lacking evidence.

“I don’t fucking know,” he says. He opens his mouth, ready to tell them what he thinks when there’s a shout from the cabins.

“What are you kids still doing here?” Snifferish calls to them and Tommy gestures to the now empty lot.

“They left without us!”

Behind her, Sneegsnag stares at them, lips wide in a grin, though his brow is furrowed, and laughs. “Kids, I swear.”

“You’ll have to wait for the bus that comes to pick us up,” Snifferish says, blowing hair from their face.

“When’s that?” Purpled asks.

“Tomorrow morning.”

“Well, fuck.” Tommy groans. “I knew we never should’ve listened to Phil about being normal kids. Now we’re abandoned in the woods because he told his to go to Camp.”

“We really aren’t normal though,” Ranboo says and Tommy narrows his eyes.

“Shut the fuck up. I hate you.”

“We did do a lot of normal things for a change,” Tubbo says, leaning against Tommy. “We built a raft!”

“And there was no murder.” Ranboo adds.

“We’re stuck out in the middle of nowhere.”

Tubbo and Ranboo both give him a pointed look. Tommy throws his hands up in the air.

“Shut up! At least there’s no one hunting me this time.”

“This time?” Purpled parrots. “What the hell?”

“Red Room.” All three of them reply.

Purpled sighs. “Sure. I’m going back to sleep.”

They do end up sleeping for a few hours. The other Camp Counsellors feed them and as the night draws in, they’re sent back to their cabin. The full moon is out and the surrounding forest is silent. It’s so dark, the only light is the fire in front of them.

“Why can’t we stay with you?” Tubbo asks, yawning.

Aimsey laughs while Charlie - yes, Charlie from Las Nevadas even though he swears he’s never heard of Las Nevadas - points at Purpled. “The last time we let you stay up, you told everyone about the creature in the woods and everyone had nightmares!”

“It’s just a story!” Purpled snaps back. “My brother told me about the man with multiple faces when I was a toddler.”

“I liked it,” Sneegsnag says with a grin and Snifferish snorts.

“Course you did.”

“Go back to your cabin,” Aimsey says, standing and pushing at Reanboo, who doesn’t even twitch.

They sigh, eyes narrowed. He stares back.

“Move,” she commands, brown hair blowing around her face in the breeze. “Go.”

Ranboo smiles and finally moves. They grab Tubbo, who willingly allows himself to be pulled along. Tommy exhales and follows. Purpled brings up the rear.

Their cabin sits amongst five others, all in a semicircle. In the centre, is the Camp Counsellors cabin. To the right, is the river. To the left is the mess hall and alongside that is the campfire.

And all around them is forest.

When they get close, the motion sensor clocks them and the porch light flicks on. Supposedly, the woods are rife with bears so the sensors help to keep them safe. Along with the shotgun in the Camp Counsellor's cabin.

They enter their cabin and Tommy stares at the rafters. The whole time he's been here, it's been a strange experience.

Sleeping next to a group of boys. Learning how to survive in the wilderness. Playing tag between the trees. Making food and eating it by a fire. Not being able to use his powers.

It's feels very Red Room but also not.

There is no punishment if he gets something wrong. There is no fear. There is no death.

This has been fun.

Freeing.

He looks up at the rafters and tries to pull on the sensation of wings. He wants to perch up there. Has since he's been here.

But there's nothing there.

Tommy frowns. Closes his eyes and searches for the pulling sensation of those around him.

Nothing once again.

"Ranboo," he says. "Teleport."

They look at him and clench their fists. Black and white hair shakes as Ranboo tries to teleport.

"You still can't?" Purpled questions and Tubbo's antenna shift.

"No," Ranboo says, eyes briefly flashing to purple. "I can't."

"Weird," Tubbo comments and then collapses onto the bed.

Tommy exhales and then flops down onto his own bed.

Just one more night and he can ignore this strange feeling growing inside of him. It feels oddly like dread and Tommy has lived through enough to trust his instincts.

"It feels wrong."

Purpled yawns. "What does?"

"This." Tommy says.

"It's just—"

A scream.

Tommy is standing before he can blink, eyes wide.

The following silence is deafening.

The darkness around them is all consuming.

“Tommy?”

“Quiet,” he says and they still.

There is no more noise, no nothing.

Tommy waits. The Huntsman inside him is tense.

“Sorry guys!” Sneegsnag suddenly shouts from behind the door. They all flinch. There was no footsteps, no accompanying light. The man starts laughing. “It’s the- we’re just playing around!”

The others relax but Tommy’s head tilts.

He still feels wrong.

“It’s cool!” Purpled shouts back.

There are no footsteps to indicate Sneegsnag has left. Tommy silently walks to the door while the others lay back down. He stares out between the wood and doesn’t see anything, can’t with how black the sky is. He presses his ear to the wood and listens. No sound.

Opening the door, he steps out onto the porch, the light flickering on above him and freezes.

The light didn’t come on when Sneegsnag approached.

And here, standing out in the open, the silence of the forest is unnerving. There are no birds fluttering, no foxes snuffling in the undergrowth. It’s completely silent.

Above him, the full moon shines down.

Tommy is a Huntsman Spider. There is very little he fears.

He can admit, however, he’s somewhat freaked out. None of it is adding up so he calms his heart rate and takes a deep breath. He tries to think rationally.

Their powers aren’t working. The forest is silent which usually indicates a predator of some kind is out hunting. There are four of them and four Camp Counsellors. There was a scream and then Sneegsnag appeared to tell them it was fine. He didn’t have footsteps and the light never came on.

Tommy steps back inside, grabs his lightweight coat and slips it on.

“Tommy?” Purpled says.

He grabs the knife from his boot and slips it up his sleeve. Rolling his neck, he stretches his arms and legs.

“What’s going on?” Ranboo asks.

“We can’t stay here,” he says, grabbing their coats and throwing them at them.

“What? Why?” Tubbo demands, even as he puts his coat on.

“Wait,” Purpled says with a chuckle. “Are you actually scared? Is the big, bad Huntsman Spider scared of a scream?”

Tommy looks at him. “None of us can use our powers. Not even me.” He points out. “Sneeg didn’t make a sound when he showed up and guess what? The light outside reacts to movement. So why the fuck didn’t it come on?”

Purpled blinks and then shakes his head. “I think the ghost stories have got to you.”

“Purp,” Tommy says. “Put your fucking coat on.”

Purpled meets his eyes and stands.

He puts his coat on.

They pick up torches and head out. Leaves crackle under Purpled’s and Tubbo’s boots. Both Ranboo and Tommy are silent as Tommy leads them around the back of the cabins.

“Don’t turn them on.” Tommy says, voice quiet.

“Why?” Tubbo asks.

“It could draw attention to us,” Ranboo replies. Even without their memories of the Room, he still has the training engrained in his brain.

Tommy keeps walking until he smells it.

Metal. Sharp. Rust.

Blood.

He freezes and turns on his flashlight.

“Oh, fuck,” Tubbo hisses. Purpled’s eyes widen. Ranboo draws in a sharp breath.

A leg.

Not attached to a body.

Blood pooling below it into the leaves.

And there, on the thigh, a piece of flesh has been torn off. Teeth marks litter around the wound along with what looks like scratch marks.

But those aren't animal teeth, all canines and sharp.

They look human.

The hair rises on the back of Tommy's neck and he steps back grabbing Tubbo and Purpled, pulling them closer to Ranboo.

A low growl ripples out from the trees.

Tommy turns to the source, flashlight shining into the darkness, and finds two white lights staring back.

"Don't. Move." He says, quietly. He has no idea what creature this is but he knows to not give it something to chase.

Within a blink, the light sources are gone.

"Tommy?" Purpled whispers.

"Let's go," he says and after he passes another cabin, he walks inwards, towards the Counsellor's cabin.

Every sense is alive and awake.

His heart rate increases and his blood thrums in his veins. It's not terror or adrenaline. Those aren't helpful in these situations.

Fear is for the already dead. Adrenaline will be helpful for if he needs to run while injured.

He keeps walking up to the Counsellor's cabin. He doesn't head to the stairs. He doesn't want the light on.

"Ranboo," he says. "Help me up."

Ranboo does so without question. Their back to the wooden planks, he offers his hands. Tommy climbs up to the window and pushes it open.

There are no locks on any of the cabins' windows. He tested them when he first arrived.

Climbing through, he flicks his flashlight on and swallows at the sight.

Snifferish lays in a pool of their own blood. Blonde curls spattered with crimson. Leg gone. Eyes unblinking.

Tommy remembers hearing her talk about their life. Friends and family back at home. Library job on the weekends. Hot chocolate and sweaters and reading by the fire.

He clears his mind. Steps around their body and grabs the shotgun on the wall. He finds the ammunition in a case in the cupboard.

Charlie had told them about the bears in the woods. He told them to be careful.

Tommy doesn't think this is a bear.

He loads the bullets. Cocks the gun.

With that, he climbs back out of the window. He doesn't look back.

"Tommy?" Tubbo asks and Tommy passes the shotgun to Purpled.

His mind is slipping straight into Huntsman mode.

"Seriously?" He questions but takes it.

"Punz taught you to shoot." Tommy says. "Tubbo has his stinger and Ranboo is like me. We have to keep moving."

"Where?" Ranboo asks.

"To find the other Counsellors." He keeps his eyes on the trees when he adds, "Sniff is dead."

Tubbo stumbles. Ranboo inhales. Purpled stares at him.

"Let's go." He says and they all follow.

Their silence hurts him. They're not used to death like he is.

No matter what they've survived together, he was always trained for this.

Ranboo got out. Tubbo was never really in. Purpled didn't have to experience anything like this.

He walks back towards the campfire that's still burning. The logs are empty. There are empty beer cans littered near by. The only sound is the crackle of the flames.

"Where are they?" Tubbo asks, looking around. His wings have yet to flutter on his back.

"I'm not saying this is like my story but..." Purpled mutters.

"Child-eating demons don't exist," Tommy says and Purpled snorts.

"Said the God."

Tommy rolls his eyes. "There have only been two Gods and shit like werewolves and vampires are just bullshit."

"Don't the Russians have that creepy witch lady in the chicken-leg house?" Tubbo asks.

“Baba Yaga is just a story.” Tommy replies. “Whatever this is, it’s a person. They killed Sniff and probably the other Counsellors.”

“Why not us?” Ranboo asks. “They could’ve killed us when we were sleeping so why—“

“There’s an order or a ritual they need to follow.” Tommy says. “Or... or we got in the way.”

“What do you mean?” Tubbo asks, gently kicking the beer cans.

“The Counsellors we’re supposed to be here.” Purpled says, connecting the dots. “We slept in.”

“Is it going to—“

“Help!” Charlie screams and they all turn around.

Purpled has his shotgun raised. Ranboo pushes Tubbo behind them. Tommy curls his hands into fists.

Out from the woods, Charlie runs in. His blond hair is dripping blood, and the side of his face has been scratched.

He staggers closer, panting.

Ranboo grabs him to steady him. “What happened?”

“It was Sniff, they grabbed me and said she needed my blood.” Charlie hisses, doubled over. “It didn’t make sense.” He looks up, glasses askew. “It was like Purpled’s story.”

“The man with multiple faces.” Purpled says, quietly. “He can look like those you love, can sound like them. He demands blood, the blood of children to keep himself young.”

Tommy remembers the woman in the Room speaking about a shapeshifter once. None of the recruits had a power strong enough.

Because she wanted someone who could be another person.

Corpse can live in their minds but someone who is another person entirely? His father and Shroud can clone themselves but an actual shape-changer? They wouldn’t need to learn to infiltrate. They wouldn’t need to hide in plain sight.

They could just exist there.

Tommy looks at Charlie and focuses on him.

The way he stands. The way he talks.

“Charlie,” he says, interrupting whatever he was saying. “What’s your favourite colour? Mines red. I love that colour.”

Charlie frowns at him. “I just got mauled and you’re—“

“It’s blue, right?” He asks, stepping closer.

Charlie laughs. “Sure, kid, it’s blue.”

Tommy steps closer and grabs him. He throws him over his shoulder and presses a knife to his neck.

“No,” he says. “It’s not.”

Charlie from Las Nevadas or Charlie from here: his favourite colour will always be green.

He presses the knife in and blood spurts through the wound. It’s bright and dark and the smell hits his nose but he doesn’t flinch from the sight. He refuses to.

“Tommy!” They all shout.

He stands, wipes the blade on his jeans.

“This isn’t Charlie,” he says. “We need to go to a cabin and—“

A hand wraps around his ankle. Yanks him to ground.

He collapses face-first into the leaves below.

A shot goes off.

A shout.

He moves without thinking.

He tackles Charlie before he can slash Purpled’s throat out with his sharp fingernails. Tommy won’t let his friends die. Not like this. Not after everything they’ve lived through.

“Go!” He snaps and they run.

“No! No! No!” Charlie snarls, turning on him. “I need them!”

“Why?” Tommy asks, facing him.

His jaw clenched and he snarls wordlessly. The wound on his neck is bleeding sluggishly but it’s mostly healed.

“Nothing sustains me,” he growls. “My power rots me when I don’t eat.”

“So you hunt kids?”

“No,” Charlie says with a laugh. “I hunt powered kids. They taste better. And with the way you shine, you’ll be the perfect dessert.”

Between blinks, he’s gone.

Tommy starts running.

Purpled races into the woods, gun lost at the campfire. He tries to keep calm but he's terrified. That ghost story was just supposed to be a story.

The air is chilled and the moon shines down and it's so dark it's haunting.

Every twig he snaps under his boots makes him flinch in fear.

He's too busy running he doesn't notice where he is.

There's uneven ground and he trips, falls into the leave litter below.

Only the leaf litter is sharp and wet. His hands come away sticky. The smell of rust is thick in the air.

He swallows, pushes himself up and pats at his coat until he finds his torch. He shines it forward.

Before him, in a slight dip, there are hundreds of bones. Some bigger, some smaller.

And where he's sprawled is one of the boys from the cabin over. Red hair and freckled skin. Legs mauled and scratched. Eyes wide and unseeing. Blood pooling from blunt force trauma at the side of his face.

Purpled gasps, pushing himself backwards.

"Fuck," he whines.

He wants Punz. He wants his brother. He doesn't want to be running for his life in the middle of the woods.

When Ranboo stumbles near the river, they nearly puke at the sight of Charlie's butchered corpse and Aimsey's fallen form. She has an axe in her grip, stained with blood.

But the blood looks wrong.

Black and goopy.

Ranboo shakes as he looks at his dead friends, grabs the axe and turns.

No one hurts their friends and gets away with it.

Tubbo doesn't get far. He collapses behind a cabin, wheezing, black spots in his vision. His hands sting when he tries to right himself.

He feels dizzy. His hands are shaky and his back aches with the weight of his unmoving wings. They droop, refusing to listen when he wants them to twitch and flutter.

In fact, all of his limbs feel heavy.

He thinks he's been drugged.

"My blood," he hears Sneegsnag say. "I never understood why it makes those with powers so unresponsive. It's supposed to knock you out but all three of you are stronger than you look."

"Three?" Tubbo slurs, looking up and finding Sneegsnag looking down at him. His brown hair is messy with leaves and twigs. There is blood dripping from the side of his head and a scratch mark across his cheek.

He has the same wounds as Charlie does.

"Purpled isn't like you." Sneegsnag says, crouching down, a finger drags across Tubbo's hand where he's bleeding. He doesn't even remember getting the cut. Maybe when he fell. "He doesn't smell like you three do. He won't sustain me."

"The Counsellors?" Tubbo asks, pressing himself back against the wood.

His vision is blurry, his ears are ringing. He wants to sleep. But he knows if he does, Tommy will kill him.

Sneegsnag smiles and then puts the bloody finger in his mouth.

"Sniff and Aimsey got in the way. Charlie is one of many variations I have consumed to sustain myself." Sneegsnag tilts his head. "I'm sorry about this Tubbo. I really am. I don't like doing this but if I don't feed—"

Tubbo spots someone over Sneegsnag's shoulder.

A whooshing noise.

Bone splintering. Skin splitting. Blood splatters over Tubbo as an axe cuts into Sneegsnag's shoulder.

He howls—

(Two blond heads snap up at the sound and two boys start sprinting in the direction of the noise.)

— and collapses forward.

Tubbo watches as Ranboo pulls the axe out and goes to raise it when Sneegsnag moves.

He's lightning fast, tackling the person before him. They both go down hard and everything seems to blur and fade from view.

He wants to sleep.

His eyes grow heavy.

He thinks he blacks out for a second and his head hits the wood.

The first thing Tommy notices when he gets to the campfire are Ranboo and Tubbo leaning against each other. Tubbo's hand is bleeding and Ranboo's head is. They both look a little worse for wear.

"Ranboo? Tubbo?" Tommy asks, panic lining his words. "Oh, fuck. What's- are you okay?"

Purpled comes barrelling in, panting with his eyes wide. His clothes are covered in blood.

"I heard a- like a scream," he wheezes, scanning them. "Is everyone—"

"We were coming to get you," Ranboo says, holding Tubbo up.

"We're okay," Tubbo says and now that Tommy is looking, his face is more alert. "We're alive."

"Good," Purpled says and turns to Tommy. "There are bones in the woods. A whole mass grave."

"The fucker's been eating the kids here then," Tommy says. "Fuck. Shit, okay. Okay. First things first: my dad's name is Dan."

"What?" Purpled asks and Tommy narrows his eyes at the boy.

"That fucking thing can change faces, man. We need to be smart about this. Only you three would know about Dan."

"Fair," Purpled says. "Uh... what should I say?"

"What happened to your dad?" Tubbo murmurs.

"Tommy killed him," Purpled says and the hairs on the back of Tommy's neck rise.

He looks around but there is nothing watching them and Tubbo and Ranboo haven't moved. Strange.

"Okay, Purp's clear." Tommy says and turns to the others.

"Tubbo?"

"My parents are both dead." Tubbo says and Ranboo nods.

"So are mine."

Tommy stares. “Too generic,” he says. “Tell us something else.”

“I killed Sneegsnag,” Ranboo says and Tommy straightens.

“You did?” He asks.

“Axe through his shoulder.” Tubbo says. “I think I blacked out.”

“When he tackled me, I did too.” Ranboo adds. “But I pushed him off me and slammed a rock into his head until he stopped moving.”

Purpled relaxes. “Oh thank god.” He side-eyes Tommy and winks. “Right, what now? I think we should stay near the fire and sleep in shifts—“

“I’ll go find the body,” Tommy says.

He reaches down and grabs a stick. He waves it in the fire until it catches fire.

“Why?” Tubbo asks, eyes locked onto the flames.

“It can heal. Burning usually does the job. Unless it’s like Sean but if that’s the case, we’ll have to keep decapitating it until Phil shows up.”

“We should stay together,” Ranboo says. “It’s safer.”

Tommy tilts his head. “I know it might be healing but if I make sure—“

“We’re safer together,” Tubbo agrees.

“Fucks sake, fine! Let’s all go!” Tommy shouts and starts walking, ignoring the protests.

He only pauses when he has no idea where the fucking thing is. Ranboo leads them there only to come up empty.

No body.

Only blood.

And a felled axe.

“Well, fuck.” Tubbo hisses and Tommy couldn’t agree more.

He looks around and then stops himself.

He can’t be Tommy right now.

He needs to be Theseus.

He needs to put himself in his own shoes, years ago, when the wind was colder and the ground was harsher. When breathing was like inhaling glass. When the snow was red with blood.

If Theseus stood in Siberia, with his hunger rising and his time running out, what would he do?

He would need to find someone, obviously. But this creature isn't hunting for sport. It's hunting for a reason.

It's hunting them based on their abilities.

"Purpled," he says. "You said there were bones in the woods?"

"Yeah, a whole pile of them."

"Was there a fresh kill?"

Purpled stares at him. "How did you know that?" He then looks at his blood soaked clothes and nods to himself. "Oh. Right."

The creature has fed. He's able to take direct hits to the back and throat without much harm.

He thinks back to the boys and girls at camp, tries to look through them and see—

Oh.

"Was it the red-head?" Tommy asks and Purpled's eyes narrow.

"You didn't tell me you were psychic."

He's been seeing this all wrong.

The Counsellors dying first, the boy dead and consumed in the woods.

Charlie being like his Charlie. The boy having a low empathetic ability.

Tommy slowly turns to Tubbo and Ranboo.

If Theseus was in Siberia, who would he hunt first?

The answer would be the easiest to take down. He would of course, go for Tubbo. He's weak, exhausted because of whatever he's been drugged with.

But Theseus, in a life or death fight, would assume Tubbo is already too out of it to fight.

Tubbo isn't a fighter. He's a hacker.

Theseus would prioritise the one most at risk to him.

Tommy looks at Ranboo and tilts his head. Eyes the wound on the side of his head.

Just like the one Charlie had.

Tommy grabs his flashlight and flashes it at Ranboo's face.

White light reflects back.

Tommy drops the burning stick and lunges forward.

Tubbo collapses to the ground as Tommy grabs Ranboo. He twists him onto his front, arm pulled to press against their back. He digs his knife into the side of his neck.

“Tommy?” Ranboo wheezes. “What are you—“

“Where am I from?” He asks.

“Tommy, it’s—“

“Ranboo.” He snaps, changes the question. “Why do I hate the number twenty-eight?”

There’s silence.

He leans closer. “Go on,” he says. “Everyone here knows. Why do I hate that fucking number?”

“Because we’re the only two to survive it.” A voice speaks behind him. A little hoarse. A lot like his friend. “Because out of twenty-eight, you had to watch every boy in your class die.”

“Who the fuck are you?” The creature below snarls and Tommy laughs.

“Should’ve looked into that before doing this,” he says. “Checkmate, bitch.

He digs his blade into it’s neck.

He saws through sinew and muscle until he gets to bone.

Then he pushes himself up and watches the real Ranboo step up and drop the axe across it’s neck. There is blood on Ranboo’s face, and a cut above his eyebrow. They look concussed.

“You good?” Tommy asks.

Ranboo raises the axe and drops it again into the body. “Never better,” he groans.

The body twitches and the form he took dissolves. Skin melts and bone reshapes. Within seconds, Sneegsnag is below them. Blood reaches out from the body to the decapitated head, trying to pull it closer.

“Gross,” Purpled says, now holding onto Tubbo, who is practically unconscious at this point. “Do you think it’s some weird full moon stuff?”

“Absolutely,” Tubbo murmurs, sagging into Purpled.

Tommy reaches down for the flickering flames still alive on the stick. He holds the fire out until it catches on Sneegsnag’s shirt. Then he drops the stick onto his body as it bursts into bright, foul-smelling flames.

“What now?” Ranboo asks.

“Now,” Tommy replies. “We wait for Phil.”

When Phil drives up to the camp, he’s stunned at the sight.

All four boys sit on the porch of the Camp Counsellor’s cabin. They’re all drenched in blood, with cuts and bruises on their skin. Tubbo is sleeping against Ranboo’s shoulder, Purpled is leaning against Tommy, an axe at his feet, and Tommy is flipping a knife in his hand.

“What the fuck?” He demands when he steps out of the car.

“I’m never being a normal boy again, Phil.” Tommy says, tiredly.

“What the fuck happened, mate?”

“You know, Tommy,” Purpled says, with a yawn. “If anyone can get into trouble it’s him.”

“It’s not my fucking fault one of our Camp Counsellors was a shapeshifting, cannibalistic, child serial killer!”

End Notes

My discord:

<https://discord.gg/qTWq34FF2a>

My Tumblr: @spookyserpent

My Twitter: @spooky_serpent

If you want to make art or write something based on this fic you have full permission to do it!

Your comments, kudos and interactions are very welcome!

Take care of yourselves!! <3

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